

Happily Ever After

by Selim

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><p>The first time the prince saw a human, said individual had been brought up from the surface in a recent attack as a battle trophy for the Queen to do as she wished. It was by her decree that he lived with the livestock as humans should while serving her every need. If he fought his new position in society, Toothless didn't know. What he did know was that he was smitten with the odd little human.<p>

Toothless was returning from his first mission in the North when he saw the human, outside the palace gates, planting flowers that the Queen would later tear up. The child had cowered under the dragon's inquiring gaze before rushing back within the palace grounds at the Queen's call. Alone, Toothless had glowered at the floors, so carefully placed in the soil before following close behind to report

in.

Although the Queen's heir, he was not to touch the human. If punishment was needed, all complaints were to be brought before the court. Before the Court of Dragons presiding by the Queen, the human would be whipped for all to see for crimes out of his control.

"The humans burned my son's underbelly."

"The human's are hiding their sheep."

"The weather is too warm."

Toothless settled at his Queen's elbow, biting on his soft upper gums while the human gave voiceless cries with ever whipping, green eyes locked on the Queen. During these times, Toothless found himself lost in those eyes that lit up outside, that filled with tears when demands were plentiful, and were now vacant in the moment. Why didn't dragons have such expressive eyes?

When the court settled and people went back to their lives, no longer intrigued with punishing the only available human, Toothless turned to his Queen. "That human isn't like the others." He tried to reason. The others were big and hairy, vicious and rude. They attacked with malice and had no respect for others. This human appeared at his door every morning with fresh apples and fish and always had the brightest of smiles.

The Queen hissed lowly, watching her human being dragged out the door. "If we don't control him, he will attack us in our sleep. It's in their blood to kill dragons and he is no different. Stay away from him, my child." She rubbed her clawed hand over his horns as a mother would their child. "Tell me, how was your travels?"

When he was freed from his council with the Queen, Toothless found himself trailing the gardens where the human spent many hours of the waking day. As expected the human child was already hard at work, crying into his work. Dirty fingers brushed away fat tears when the boy saw him and a smile plastered on pink cheeks. "My Lord? Do you need anything?"

Settling next to the child, Toothless dipped his fingers into the watering vase before sliding his wet fingers over the boy's cheeks in attempt to remove the dirt there. The boy lowered his head, allowing the prince to clean him up.

His Queen's voice echoed in his head, telling him not to touch her servant, that the human did not deserve such affection. In truth, he didn't care of those rules in place. All he could think about was how soft human flesh was. How was this boy, who looked like he was nothing but bones, so soft? He placed both clawed hands on the boy's fat little cheeks and tilted the head back, staring into bright green eyes.

"Brat!"

The human child pulled back, looking towards the council room. The light in his eyes was lost. "I apologize, My Lord." He climbed to his feet, grabbed the water vase before bowing himself out of the grounds.

Toothless watched him leave, waiting for his heart to settle. Was this why the Queen was explicit in her demands that no one should touch the human? Such trickery they had if it could make the heart pound against the ribs. Brushing his hands over his imperial dress and left the grounds to return to his rooms, to forget about the little one.

He saw the child again a week later as he was studying some of the greatest dragon philosophers. The boy rapped his knuckles on his door before pushing the door open while balancing a tray of food. "The Queen sent up an extra fish for you." He placed the tray on the edge of Toothless' bed so he could clear off the side dinner table.

Pushing his books back, the Night Fury spread his heavy wings as he moved the other table, settling on the fine chair while the human served his food silently. As he ate, he watched the boy clean his work desk, make up his bed, and clean his chamber pot with low interest. Had the Queen sent the boy to do this work to? Strange.

"Do you have a name?" He finally asked with a mouthful of fish.

The boy paused at the window, dusting his pillow. His lips thinned. "My Queen calls me 'Brat'." He hummed softly.

"And what did your people call you?" He tried again. Surely that wasn't a name. His mother had called him Uyru and his royal name was unpronounceable. His nickname, Toothless, had been used by the royal guard he commanded and he preferred it to everything else. "I'm sure the humans called you something." He tried again.

The boy paused and smiled. "My people also called me 'Brat'." He settled the pillows on the bed. "Or 'Hiccup'." He pronounced the human word with a small smile. Hiccupâ€¦ Toothless hummed the name deep in his throat. How was it that someone who made his heart ache have such a name? It didn't instill fear in him like his royal name did. "Would My Lord like more drink?" The child held up a pitcher filled with warm mead. Toothless held up his cup, allowing it to be filled.

Hiccup went back to work on meaningless task in the room. Finally Hiccup settled against the wall, watching Toothless. No, the dragon realized mid-chew. The human was staring at his hands. He tensed them nervously, pushing his chair back. The Queen would never have let Hiccup tend to Toothless' needs, meaning the human â€" Hiccup â€" was there on his own.

Sliding his chair over to the table, Toothless settled his plate in front of the chair, making a presentation of the remains of his plate. "Sit." The boy didn't move from the wall. Shaking his head, Toothless took Hiccup's hand (ignoring the shock that went through him) and returned to the chair. "Please, eat." He nodded at the half of cooked fish on his plate. He also poured some mead into the cup and settled it near the child's hand.

"This is your snack." Hiccup flushed. "Courtesy of the Queen."

"You're right." Toothless settled in his own chair. His opened his hands palm up in offering. "It is my snack and I wish to give it to you. Now eat."

"Thank you, My Lord." Hiccup's gaze fell to the plate. His small fingers peeled the fish into four parts, eating each section cautiously. Toothless leaned on his elbows, watching the boy eat so protectively. Did the Queen not feed the child? No, he realized. The boy had lived in their Nest for seven years, brought in at the age of ten summers, he had to of ate something to live here for so long. Taking a cautious sip of his mead, the human relaxed visibly. "How did My Lord's trip go?" He finally asked. "You traveled up north." He continued when Toothless gave him a questioning look.

"Oh that." Toothless placed his hands on the table. He noticed Hiccup's hands had moved into his lab. He licked his soft gums. "It went, there's a skirmish amongst the people in the North for land." It had been a frivolous battle for land that humans were also fighting for and he had tried to play mediator for those dragons while reminding them of future wars as humans began to stake claims. "It's like playing babysitter for a bunch of hatchlings andâ€"

"I want you to touch me!"

Toothless' mouth snapped shut. He hadn't been expecting that but, "Okay." He climbed out of his seat, settling himself on the floor at the servant's feet. He had wanted to touch the boy to but it was improper. The Queen would not be happy if she knew but Toothless had to feel the pounding of his heart. It was an addicting state. His hard claws touched over soft human hands. His own were twice the size of the boy's. How were they so afraid of a creature like this?

Hiccup leaned down, testing the waters by squeezing Toothless' hands. From his position, Toothless could feel Hiccup's breath against his scales. It made his blood boil, in a good way. Without thought, his head snapped up and his lipless mouth pressed against the human's soft one. The human made a surprised noise but didn't pull away and Toothless pushed further. His tongue peaked out, brushing past the boy's lips and spread into the moist mouth that tasted distinctively like fish, mead, and something spicy.

Pushing up on his knees, Toothless pushed his mouth further into Hiccup's. He couldn't get enough of that taste. He moaned softly, running his claws up and into that soft fur on the human's head.

It was Hiccup that pulled away first. His pink cheeks were dark, his eyes wide and shifting fast. Not towards the door, Toothless realized. The boy was trying to process everything, his mind flying fast. Toothless settled back, taking a deep breath. His heart was hammering at his chest, his senses going towards one thing: to mate. Who cared if the boy was off limits? No one else had ever made him feel like this with a simple kiss. In fact, he'd never slept with a person that could make his heart flutter the way the human did just by staring at him.

"I am my Queen's slave." Hiccup reminded him breathlessly.

"In this room," Toothless kissed the boy's hand, "we are equal." He made a suggestive glance towards his bed and Hiccup allowed himself

to be led to it.

When the sun rose that morning, Hiccup and the discarded food left without a word and Toothless was left to wonder what the human was to him now. A bed mate like the others? The dragon growled lowly at the thought. He'd never felt this way about the others but there was no way a mateship would be approved by the Queen. No, she could not ever know what had happened last night.

Toothless pulled on his imperial robes and went into the courts to take his position at the Queen's arm as delegates from all over came to greet their Queen. To their right, Hiccup stood pleasantly waiting for his orders. It was when the human was ordered to bring drinks or clean messes that the prince realized the human had a wider step and a nervous bend. _Pain_, he realized with a blush, turning his head from the human.

The Lord of the East brought his daughter and Toothless accompanied the girl through the council but his mind remained on the human currently bowed at the Queen's feet suffering taunts from the delegates. The Nadder at his elbow was pretty, he'd give that, but she was no Hiccup. His heart only fluttered for the human forbidden to him.

"And I can give my prince many children," The Nadder Princess continued, her small arms tucked in front of her. Toothless frowned.

"So I understand." He nodded, and moved through the crowd with the Nadder at his side. Leaving her with her father with a pleasant nudge on the cheek, he returned to his Queen, waiting until the East Royal Family was out of range. "I do not want to mate with her, my Queen."

The Queen took a glass of mead from the human servant, who waited patiently for the cups return. "You are nearly seventy summers, my Heir. Surely someone in this room meets your taste."

Toothless glanced from the corner of his eye at Hiccup. The human didn't look up from the ground.

"You're right, My Queen." Toothless hummed, never taking his eyes off the human. A mate indeed.

He met with the human again that night and shared his bed. "My loving mate," he whispered in Hiccup's ear after their second night. The smile on the servant's face was worth it.

The East Royal Princess visited again the next day, as requested by the Queen. Toothless was in the middle of his training with the guard when a request for his presence came in. Standing before the throne was the princess and Toothless knealt before his Queen with a weary look at the girl. The Nadder smiled sweetly at him.

"Prince," The Queen pronounced his name clearly and Toothless tensed. This was a royal decree and he didn't like it already. "You are to travel back to the East with the princess as her mate-to-be. I cannot have you unmated for another summer."

"When shall I be mated?" Toothless bit back the growl.

"In a week. You are excused to spend time with your princess."

Toothless ignored this request and left the audience chamber, the princess, and his people to go to the gardens where Hiccup was. Settling on the bed of grass beside the human, Toothless laid his head on his legs and watched his human work, replanting his flowers the Queen had torn out the night before while he'd been in bed with Toothless. His arms, the dragon realized, were graced with new bruises.

"She summoned me and I was not in my chambers." Hiccup never looked up. "I heard you are to be matedâ€"

"You can't mate off someone who is not on the market." Toothless reached out, stopping Hiccup's hand mid-dig. "I want to leaveâ€|with you."

Hiccup froze, staring at the dragon in shock. His nose, Toothless miled, was smuged with dirt. Bringing his claw up, he brushed the dirt off before taking his unofficial's mate hand to his lips, kissing the boy's fingers. "W, where would we go?" There was not a dragon around who didn't know who either of them were. Toothless just brushed his thumb over the soft skin of the human's palm.

He didn't know where they could go. The humans wouldn't want him and the dragons wouldn't want Hiccup. "I'll find a place. Trust me." He didn't release his hold of Hiccup's hand until the sound of other dragon's entered the gardens. Hiccup left him to serve the Queen and Toothless paid his obligations to the Princess and the Royal Guards around his studies with only the slightest hope that Hiccup would visit him again that night.

"My Prince," a Gronckle guard chimed during his studies early the next day, "The human is to be punished again. The Queen request your presence."

Toothless' heart stopped. He could not watch another public whipping. "Must I?" He begged.

"She requests and requires it, my lord." The Gronckle shook his head and kept his distance from his prince.

Hiccup was before the court, on his knees with a Nightmare standing behind him. Toothless made his way to stand at his Queen's side but froze when he saw the look of rage in his royal's eyes. He stopped next to the human. The Queen growled lowly.

"My orders, seven years ago, was that no one should touch my slave. You stood before me when I spoke to that court than and promised me you understood." Talk ran through the crowds in the audience chamber. Had Toothless punished the _human_? Toothless growled low and the room silenced. He had to wonder how much the Queen knew. "Did you not agree?" Her voice boomed across the chamber.

"I agreed not to touch your possessions." Toothless growled. "As your heir, your possessions are my possessions. I have done no wrong."

"My Heir?" The Queen roared. The princess in the corner shook, crying. Toothless eyed her wearily. He then glanced down at Hiccup. The human wasn't crying. He seemed almost happy in a sad way. _What have you said to our Queen?_ "My Heir is a part of me and would never sully the good name. My _heir_would never mate himself to a human!"

Toothless fought the urge to look away but he stared into the many eyes of his Queen. "I will touch my possessions any way I want." He stepped closer to the human. The boy looked up, his eyes still a mirror to all the light in the world. How could there be so much happiness in such a victim? Toothless felt his face break into a small smile. _I see, this is the strength of a human. Our Queen tried and she never broke you._

"Do you want him?" The Queen smirked. Toothless' smile faded. "Then you can have him. Guard!" Toothless didn't move fast enough before he felt the heat next to him. He turned, feeling his heart drop into his stomach. He could still see the human in the fire, unmoving and burning.

Toothless pushed through the heat, wrapping his sturdy arms around the still form of his mate. Even charred, he could still see the bright smile of his mate, could still see the light in those non-existent eyes. The flame in his gullet dimmed and his wings burned but he remained standing within the flames, with his arms wrapped around the dead human. The room around him, while loud, was voiceless. He could only focus on one thing—"his mate, his dead mate.

Why did you tell the Queen?

Last night, Hiccup had came in his room and asked to go back to his home — Berk — with Toothless. "Dad won't be happy," he said with a smile, "but I'm his only son so he'll protect you if you brought me back."

Instinctively, his body folded on the ground, his dried out wings collapsing on his still body like a heavy weight.

"Will you be happy there?" He had asked.

Hiccup had kissed his flat nose with a little smile. "I'll be happy wherever you go as long as you always touch me."

I'll touch you and hold you wherever we go after this. Toothless closed his eyes for the last time, nestled close to his human as the audience watched in horror as the two mates — the human slave and the dragon prince — died in each other's arms.

And that was their happily ever after.

End
file.